THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates—the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of Truth.

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For the Observer.

" Dare nobly then ; be conscious of your trust !"

THE belief of a Deity is an universal instinct—in a variety of forms, it influences the opinions and actions of every human being, from the rudest savage in Africa to the most refined inhabitant of Europe—A belief and hope in the providential superintendance of a God, marks and divides the human from the brute creation..... What pity it is, that this most useful principle has not been led into the right channel, by directing men to imitate, as far as human nature can imitate them, the benevolent attributes and perfections of the Divinity, which consist in love, justice, and mercy....But the Priests and Politicians of every country have contrived to pervert and deform these beneficial principles, and have fashioned religion into a thousand varying shapes and systems, in order to promote their interest and ambition. Look at the history of the World : from the earliest times, we have to lament the fatal effects of selfish policy, of bigotry and superstition, of hatred and revenge....they began with the days of Adam, and continued to the final dispersion of " the chosen people."....They began with the murder of Abel, and concluded with the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

At length, in the fullness of time, the Son of God appeared on earth, and gave, both to the Jew and the Gentile, a Religion pure and undefiled, a perfect system of Morality, Justice, and Benevolence, free from rites and ceremonies and sacrifices, calculated, by simple but obvious truths and precepts, to unite all mankind in the

bonds of peace, and in a rational and temperate adoration of the Deity. How admirable is the *Christian* Religion, such as it was originally delivered by HIM, who is emphatically stiled THE SAVIOUR OF MEN !..... How useful, how easy, how salutary, how consoling, are the plain and perfect precepts of *his* religion !...." Eyes are they to the blind, and feet are they to the lame" .... They check the pride and insolence of the rich and powerful, they solace and comfort the poor and afflicted, and point out to all the way to virtue in this world, and the sure road to happiness in the world to come !.....

But, alas, how has this beautiful system been mangled and disfigured, cut up into shreds and patches by one sect, and deformed and disfigured by another !....Behold the history of Christianity since it became an *established* system of policy by Princes, and a profitable profession by Priests !....Since the days of Constantine, when religion became a State engine, what wars and persecutions, what tortures and massacres, have been perpetrated by Councils and Synods, by Conclaves and Inquisitions, and by Edicts and Canons without number !.... Instead of peace and love, there has been nothing but a succession of schisms and divisions and animosities ;.. hatred and revenge have actuated the hostile sects ; and the pure and simple religion of Christ has been perverted into a system of worldly policy and domination, so encumbered with ceremonies, and so enveloped in mysteries, that we may say, with an eminent writer, " that if Jesus Christ was to appear again on earth, he would not know his own religion."

I have been led, Mrs. Editor, into these reflections by a recent circumstance....Although I am attached to one Church by education and habit, I do not confine myself to it by a constant attendance, nor do I place an implicit confidence in all its *established* tenets..I occasionally visit other places of worship—if I do not always approve of their creeds and confessions, and ceremonies, I generally hear and see something worthy of attention—by a comparison of other modes and opinions, I endeavour to add

a little to my own stock of knowledge, and, in the spirit of Christian charity, to increase my good wishes for all my fellow men—reserving, however, to myself, the privilege of a free citizen, in decent and respectful terms, to express my approbation of what I think right, and my disapprobation of what I think wrong.

On Sunday week I went to one of the Churches of this city.... The congregation is numerous and respectable, and the Clergyman is admired by his hearers for the more than common powers of his elocution, for the vividness of his zeal, and for the superiority of his sanctity. Although I am a good deal attached to the form of worship laid down in the liturgy of the Episcopal church, I could not help approving of this gentleman's curtailment of this too tedious service, which, in the opinion of many good men, is thought to contain too great a variety of prayers, and an unnecessary repetition of doxologies, incompatible with the original simplicity of Christian worship—On *this* occasion, the service was judiciously shortened, and the whole was performed, both by the minister and people, with becoming reverence and devotion.—I particularly approved of the clergyman's manner of enforcing the admirable precepts inculcated in the sacred lesson of the day, which happened to be a chapter from St. James.*

The preacher having ascended the pulpit, he gave for his text these words, "The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," Matt. 11. 12.—He could not have chosen a more difficult and abstruse text from the whole of the New Testament, not

* Note. This excellent expositor of the doctrines of our blessed Saviour, in the effervescent zeal of certain orthodox preachers (who delight in mystery and complexity) is censured for his dwelling too much on the efficacy of good works—Good works, with these pious gentlemen, are no better than filthy deeds!——In short, in their opinion, St. James is little better than one of your moral philosophers; and all philosophers, either ancient or modern, deserve eternal damnation!—— Only that Philosophers in general are very scarce of money, it is to be hoped, that Mother Church, in the plenitude of its Catholic charity, may admit these poor moralists into the middle place——better to get out of Purgatory with a thousand years of scorching, than suffer the pains of hell to all eternity.

excepting even the Apocalypse. My attention was roused to hear what could be said on a passage that has puzzled many learned men, and which all wise men pass over in silence. . . . The first division of the discourse gave a description of Heaven in tolerably appropriate language, but it had no more reference to the text, than if he had expatiated on the famous siege of Jericho, or that most wonderful of all Jewish stories, the miraculous escape of Shadrach, Mesheck, & Abednego from the fiery furnace.

At length, the preacher came to the second part of his discourse, which was to explain the kind of violence to be used in taking the kingdom of Heaven—Our readers must wonder, what sort of violence that must be, that can take Heaven by storm!—He lost his faculty of speech, his constructions were forced, his ideas were confused, and his similitudes were dissimilar—the souls of the purest moralists, and the most profligate and hardened sinners, were alike condemned to the everlasting tortures of Hell's flames and liquid brimstone; these and such horrific pictures were spread out in horrible array, to terrify the weak, to dismay the timid, and to confound the ignorant!—The meaning and intent of all this laboured rhapsody was to urge his hearers to be loud and clamorous in their addresses to the God of Mercy and Forgiveness, and evidently encouraging them to practise those moanings and groanings, cryings and screechings, jumpings and jerkings, which have become a reproach to the country, and a disgrace to true religion and all rational piety.—Instead of quoting the admirable parable of the Pharisee and the Publican (see Luke 18, 10) where it is demonstrably shewn, that loud and long prayers, and vociferous appeals to Heaven, are not proofs of a truly sincere and contrite heart, of a humbly and sincerely repenting sinner, he forced into his discourse, as violence was the order of the day, the story of the Angel and Jacob, where, in that famous wrestling match, the former touched the hollow of the latter's thigh, and was the cause that the Jews never afterwards "eat of the sinew that

shrank in the hollow of Jacob's thigh to this day."—— Our readers will no doubt admire the preacher's dexterity in lugging in this fine story (it is a Jewish one) in order to induce his *Christian* hearers to take Heaven by violence!—Our extempore preachers, all of them, are very apt to commit violences of this sort; in the heat and hurry of their unprepared harangues, they drag in cases extremely inapplicable, often more calculated to excite merriment than reverence.—To crown the climax of extravagancies, I had almost said impieties, he compared Jesus Christ, the preacher of peace, love, and charity, to Joshua the Jewish conqueror, and the destroyer of nations!—If he had compared our blessed Saviour to Attila, to Mahomet, or to the ferocious Suwarrow, I could not have been more shocked and amazed.....

I could say much on this subject, Mrs. Editor, more than you can conveniently admit into your weekly publication—At present it is sufficient that I advise the good people of that congregation (and every other in the city of Baltimore) to read, compare, and judge for themselves. In the words of our excellent Church service, "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the plain, wholesome, and rational doctrines of the *New* Testament.....Fellow Christians, in the spirit of love which *that* book inculcates, I exhort you seriously and impartially to examine your Bibles, and if you find any similarity of character between that ferocious executioner of Jewish barbarities, *Joshua*, and the all peaceable, all excellent *Jesus*, then I will be content to suffer Martyrdom at the gates of *your* church at noon-day.

AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER.

DOCTOR CRAWFORD'S THEORY,

AND AN APPLICATION OF IT TO THE TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

(Continued from page 281.)

Man is continnally seeking to be informed of the causes of all the effects which are presented to his senses; he

is peculiarly desirous of knowing those causes by which he is himself more immediately affected. But such is his indolence, that he will seldom give the unwearied attention that is absolutely necessary for their investigation, to afford him a rational hope of arriving at the object he has in view. Causes, in general, are of a retired nature; they cannot be developed without much assiduity, and they can never be developed, unless the course is pursued which leads directly to them. Pride has a large share in preventing him from making choice of the correct course. It is with difficulty he can prevail upon himself to believe that he is governed by a law common to animals that are inferior to him, and which are subjected to his dominion.

It is this pride which has probably offered the greatest difficulty to the attainment of that knowledge which he has been so anxious to possess—Equally anxious with other men to arrive at a knowledge of the causes which more nearly concerned me, I have directed my attention to every species of animal, and have sought for in others, what has proved a fruitless enquiry, when confined to my own. I flatter myself with a hope, that I have at length chosen the correct path, and that, if pursued, it will lead to discoveries essentially beneficial to all mankind.

In suggesting, as I believe, the true cause of diseases, I have no hope that a perfect knowledge of it will lead to the discovery of new remedies. Such a discovery is, I am confident, impracticable. The long catalogue of maladies with which the human race have been ever afflicted, has prompted to a trial of every thing contained in, or inhabited by, the earth, the air, or the waters.—There is no discovery of remedies that remains to be made; there is no experiment that has not been devised; our only hope is in the exhibition of medicines in use for ages with new and more correct views. To ascertain that the views I have suggested are correct, I shall multiply the proofs, I shall adduce authorities that will, if I am not very much deceived, appear in the sequel irresistible.

In the pursuit of this enquiry, I well know that I shall expose myself to obloquy. I have already experienced it extensively; I have been deemed an innovator; I am accused of having descended from the dignity of my species, and placing myself on a level with the most ignoble of the creation. What others may consider as a degradation, I esteem of high value. To be enabled to see with the eyes of my understanding what is hidden from every other species of terrestrial being, must be a high privilege; to be capable of tracing from the lowest, what most nearly concerns the highest order, and what is beyond the reach of every other order, must be a subject of eminent exultation. In this my readers will in the end accord, provided I can furnish testimonies sufficient to establish the truth; for the truth, when adequately supported, will overcome every adversary. In the fullest confidence of success, I proceed with the proposed review.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Preservation of Water at Sea.

Captain Krusenstern, who commanded the Russian expedition of discovery in 1805, has sent an account home of his having proved, in the most satisfactory manner, the great efficacy which the operation of charring the insides of casks has to preserve water perfectly sweet at sea. He had sixty casks charred more deeply than usual before he sailed, and, during his stay at the Brazils, had the greatest part of his casks burned on the inside; the water in them was constantly found to be good during the whole of his passage to the Isle of Washington: at Japan, he again burned the inside of the casks, which preserved the water quite pure during a seven weeks passage from thence to Kamschatka. The captain declares, that, by this means, the water was "constantly pure, and as good as that from the best springs." He also took care that the casks should never be filled with sea-water, as is usual, to save the trouble of shifting the ballast, because this tends to hasten the corruption of the fresh water afterwards put into them.

The charring operates both by the antiseptic properties of the charcoal, and in preventing the solution of the extractive part of the wood.

Charring is much recommended for wine-casks also, and all casks which are to contain liquors.

The process of charring casks, was recommended by Berthollet, in a communication to the National Institute of France in 1803; but Lowitz had discovered the antiseptic properties of charcoal many years before, as appears from some memoirs in Crell's Journal, the translation of which was published here by Baldwin in 1793; an Account of the Use of Charcoal for "preserving Water sweet for the Use of Seamen in Sea Voyages," was also published in Dublin, in July 1791, in the Hibernian Magazine, extracted from Mr. Lowitz's Memoirs on this subject.

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SHENSTONE.

Shenstone used to thank God that his name was not liable to a pun: it has proved, however, obnoxious to a Frenchman's rhyme, which is something worse. M. Girardin has placed this inscription to his memory at Ermenonville.

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural,
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

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French Invention for making Clothes by a Machine.

Annales des Arts, No. 72.

M. I. Stone, *Rue de la Pepiniere*, Paris, obtained a brevet d'invention, or patent, in February, 1805, for a "machine for joining the sides of segments of all flexible matters," which he asserts will be particularly serviceable in preparing cloathing for the army or navy. It is supposed one man may do as much work with this ma-

chine, as one hundred persons with the needle. If it is used to any extent, it will more properly deserve the name of *the Devil among the Taylors*, than the game that is at present so called.

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Happy Quotation.

A physician from the country lately came up to town, to pass the college as a licentiate, according to the new mandate of that learned body. When the business was done, a friend jocosely greeted him with the following stanza from Cowley :

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill ;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart
Too apt before to kill.

.....

The following Epitaph from the Greek of Leonidas, describing the sorrows of a Parent for the death of his Child, has uncommon beauty and pathos.

Farewell, my child !—In manhood's bloom
Thou sleep'st within the silent tomb,
Ere twenty fleeting springs have shed
Their roseate honours on thy head.
Henceforth upon thy early bier
I'll daily shed the gushing tear,
And waste in sighs the tedious stage
That closes life's sad pilgrimage.
For ah ! no more the orient ray
Soft glitt'ring on the ocean's spray ;
No more the mead, with flowrets drest,
Can waken rapture in my breast.
Come then, my child, and let me share
In death's dread hour thy constant care,
And let me, from life's sorrows free,
Sink in the grave and rest with thee.

.....

The following account of a conversation between Napoleon and Dr. Erhard, rector of the University of Leipzic, has been published in the German Gazettes. "I had imagined (says the Doctor) that Napoleon, surrounded by his generals, would give us a cold reception, and after a few words would dismiss us. I was much mistaken, though apprized by some persons who knew him

that he hated compliments, I had however prepared something flattering by way of address. Conducted by an adjutant, we entered his chamber, where he was alone. He approached us with a tranquil air, and informed himself who we were: the manner in which he asked this question instantly dissipated our fears of a humiliating treatment. On presenting to him M. Prasse, professor extraordinary of mathematics at Leipzig, I added that he was one of the best pupils of professor Kindeburg. The Emperor immediately entered upon the nature and advantage of Kindeburg's mode of calculation, and appeared much pleased with the manner in which M. Prasse spoke of it, and the freedom with which he answered some of his objections. His majesty then addressing himself to me, observed, that our University enjoyed the honour of having produced the immortal Leibnitz, of whom he spoke with a warmth, which shewed that he placed him above Newton. He proceeded, "Does Kant's philosophy reign also at your university?" Sire, I replied, we have never granted an exclusive privilege to any sect of philosophy. "But Kant is already out of fashion, who is predominant at present?" He has had several successors who have tried to supplant him; and perhaps the newest system, or the newest phraseology, is on the point of falling. As to us, we conceive, that it is our duty to form young men for the service of humanity and the state, rather than to make them dreamers or simpletons. A sublime mind rises to speculation of itself, and not by poring over the systems of professors who wish to make themselves remarkable. All our efforts are directed against the tyranny of the sectarian spirit." "In this you are very right, (replied the emperor) and I am of the same opinion." He then spoke of Gall, and made some very just and acute remarks on his system. "I question," said he, "whether nature, in her works, operates so rudely that Gall can be able to penetrate her intentions. I have not been satisfied with his explanations relative to the motion of the brain. I esteem the spirit of observation, but I am no friend to ambulatory courses of

lectures, which are incompatible with the dignity of science." The emperor then asked me particulars concerning the foundation of our university. He praised the Elector for converting monasteries into scientific institutions; and warmly recommended to us the care of such institutions, which often produce great men. He was astonished at the great number of the German universities, and the smallness of their resources. "I love (said he) grand establishments, which at the same time are grand in their effects." He highly extolled those of Paris, Bologna, and Milan, where (according to his expression) the Muses inhabit palaces, into which we enter with emotions of respect. "Governments (said he) ought publicly to testify their esteem for the sciences, in order to render them respectable to the people." When I observed that the number of students had been diminished during the war, he answered, "they have been frightened, we must restore their confidence."

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Hawthorn propagated by Cuttings of the Root.

Mr. Taylor, of Morton, has discovered that hawthorn hedges may be formed, in a more expeditious manner than usual, by cutting the roots of this shrub into small pieces, and planting them with the top one-fourth of an inch above the ground; the upper end of each piece may be marked when cutting by giving it two cuts, and the lower end but one.

The spring is the best time to plant the sets; of those planted by Mr. Taylor, not five in one hundred were lost. For this discovery, Mr. Taylor received the silver medal from the Society for Arts.

Pruning Fruit Trees.

A method of pruning has been practised in the garden of the Margravine of Anspach, which has much improved the fruit produced; it consists in leaving the interval between the shoots on each branch as short as possible, cutting every branch off beyond its first shoot, and leaving a very short stem: by which means the sap will have

the least possible distance to run to the fruit, and, consequently, the vigour of the tree be spent in producing fruit, instead of wood and leaves.

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A remarkable proof of the Græco-mania, at present prevailing in Germany, has been given at Leipsig, where, upon a private theatre, a dramatic piece, entitled "Polyidos," has been represented in the true manner of antiquity. The tragedy itself was composed entirely upon the Greek plan. Its chorusses were in anapæsts, and its dialogue in iambics; and the performers of the chorus were instructed to take measured steps backwards and forwards in imitation of the ancient strophe and antistrophe. The author, like another Sophocles, directed the whole performance, and took the principal part. It is said to have been received with extraordinary applause, and that there was a design of presenting the citizens of Leipsig with a representation in the open air. But, alas! other tragedies have since taken place in Germany.

For the Observer.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE FINE ARTS,

Continued.

After our remarks last Saturday on the ameliorations which the taste for Painting has undergone, we have some observations to make upon the improvements which are daily made in the ancient laws and principles of the seven orders of Architecture. (1) I do not know whether there is not some temerity in one who is neither a Scholiast, nor a Theologian, nor an Algebraist, nor a limb of the Law, in attempting to speak of *Architecture*; but when I reflect on what I have seen elsewhere, and recollect the ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES of the art, and the striking exemplifications of it which are within the reach of every one, in the *Encyclopedia*, *The Travels of Ana-*

(1) In speaking here of VII Orders of Architecture, we add to the five primitive orders, the order of PÆSTUM and that of the Gothic, which by its peculiar character forms an Order, which cannot be deviated from without absurdity and bad taste.

charsis, and a number of other works contained in the Public Library, I shall venture to make some reflections on the state of this useful and elegant Art amongst us—an art which becomes every day more important here, as societies and individuals grow wealthy, and fine buildingsand fine houses are amongst the first objects of luxury.

What then shall we say of the *boldness* of fancy exhibited in a certain religious Edifice, where a species of Ionic Order has been employed, which should have *nine* times its diameter in height, and they have given it twelve or fifteen? Might we not remark, that this *monstrosity* is so much more useless and misplaced, as that they have weighed down these pillars, already such complete *spindles*, with flattened arches, which so far from being admitted into churches, are in good architecture appropriated exclusively to lower courts, stables and coach houses, as if it would not have been much more simple to have followed the rules laid down in the first lessons of the art, by giving the pillars their proper height and crowning them with those fine full arches, consecrated to noble building. I observed also, ornaments daubed in blue like a Dutch Toy-shop, which are by no means appropriate to the solemn style that should distinguish a place of worship.

We might, too, arrest our steps in North Gay-street, to ask what is the design of that construction of *bastard* order, and the caricature window, pointed at top and bottom, which crowns its front in so whimsical a style? A mania so much the more surprising, as that the builders of this Edifice, when they had determined on making it Gothic, very *profoundly* resolved not to have *pointed arches*, like those which the Architect of the GOTHIC Chapel at the Seminary had ventured to adopt!!!

This little anecdote, however, cannot shock the trustees of the Congregation who *pay* for this *original* enterprise, when they are informed, that a deep Theologian, of a very different persuasion, had, criticised before them the pointed arches of the Gothic style, al-

ledging that *Vitruvius* (who was the contemporary of Augustus) had condemned this order, which he could not have done, unless this *learned* Theologian believed him to have been gifted with the spirit of prophecy, since the Gothic Order was not known until 500 years after the death of Vitruvius.

We might also ask why, in another structure, where marble and dollars are lavished with an unsparing hand, two grand columns are placed as it were in ambuscade, in something like sentry boxes, as if done on purpose to prevent them from being seen or being useful, if we did not know that this building being intended for a bank, these Pillars are probably designed to supply the place of two *Watch-Men* at each corner of the front, and there to keep guard.

If one who is not an artist, may be permitted to know that the enormous angular mass which crowns this colonnade is generally called a pediment, I would venture to ask what that wretched looking sort of half *hoop* means which so elegantly decorates the great pediment, or rather pyramid of bricks; and if it would not have been a thousand times better to have copied any one of the beautiful Pediments which both ancient and modern architecture furnish in such numbers, or even that of our own *Assembly Room*, which is acknowledged by all connoisseurs to be in just and elegant proportions, rather than to have conceived a whim in such miserable taste.

But I say no more—for if there is no inquisition here, nor gens d'armes, to take cognizance of *non-comformists*, ignorance and obstinacy have too many advocates to permit us to jest with impunity with their sacred privileges.

B. I.

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For the Observer.

This excellent Epigram was the impromptu of a moment, by a witty and ingenious friend :

Verba dedit quondam fuste irritatus azellus,
Verba dat Arcadius nobis sed fuste tacebit.

TRADUCTION.

Jadis un âne au lieu de braire
Parla sous les coups de bâton ;
Mais un bâton te fera taire,
Ou parler sur un autre ton.

For the Observer.

Mr. DUPORT.

To see talent, in whatever way it may be, cherished, must be to us a source of real satisfaction—if we groan over the dejected state in which are those noble and enchanting arts amongst us, that lend the highest lustre to a civilized and polished people, we are not the less ready to rejoice at every thing that looks like a gleam of encouragement held out to merit. We learn, therefore, with pleasure, that Mr. Duport, of whose skill in teaching the fair to swim, with graceful ease, "through the mazes of the sportive dance," fame speaks so highly, has met with a degree of liberal support, which promises to secure this able teacher permanently to our city. We understand that, to gratify the laudable wishes of some anxious parents, this gentleman has relinquished a highly advantageous establishment in New-York—We trust that he will not find that *public-favor* is a fickle good, but that the sacrifices he has made, and the real services he renders our Youth, will meet with the due and ample reward they merit.

POETRY.

THE CHINESE LOVER.

In Pekin's stately city dwelt,
A lady matchless fair,
Throughout all China there was none
That could with her compare,
'Twas more than beauty, more than wit,
That fir'd her speaking eye ;
With one sweet glance she stole the heart
Of Hoang Si.

Her cheek outvied the mountain snows—
  Her brows by nature were
More thin, more beautifully form'd
  Than others pluck'd with care,
'Twas on her cheek, and on her brow,
  And in her deep-set eye
Love bade his sorrows lurk, to wound
  Poor Hoang Si.

Why sweetly tott'ring mov'd the maid
  In garden and in grove?
Too little were her beauteous feet
  To bear the queen of love!
Why strove she not by look or word?
  But stood with downcast eye—
Love gave her silence voice to speak
  To Hoang Si.

When Hansi mov'd, all other grace
  Eclipsed was and gone;
As taper-lights when Phœbus shines,
  At night at break of morn.
Like little diamonds dropp'd in snow
  Were her bright eyes, but, ah!
Relentless parents bade them beam
  On Song-lin-Shah.

O why did fortune make her rich?
  Or why was I so poor?
I met the lustre of her eye
  And thought the bliss secure;
Till richer proffers favour woo'd,
  Successful woo'd, for ah!
Too cruel fate! herself she gave
  To Song-lin-Shah.

Far from my breast my reason fled,
  And left me quite forlorn;
I wander'd to the deserts drear
  With all my garments torn.
I taught the caverns to complain—
  I made their echoes cry,
Reverberative to my moans,
  Poor Hoang Si!

I have been in the Indian lands,
  And on the Persian sea,
But never never could regain
  My heart's sweet liberty.
Oft have I play'd the pipe of peace,
  And borne the sword, yet ah!
Could ne'er forget the beauteous wife
  Of Song-lin-Shah.

S. MAGILL, Printer, 9, South-Street.